

Ex-CBI Roundup

—CHINA—BURMA—INDIA—



**MARCH
1957**





BRIGADIER GENERAL LEWIS A. PICK stands in lead jeep of the first convoy from India to receive cheers of Chinese who lined the streets for the event. Photo taken at intersection of Jin Pee Loo and Jim Pee Loo streets in Kunming. Photo by U.S. Army.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

Vol. 11, No. 3

March, 1957

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 2808 E. 6th Ave., Denver, Colo., by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theatre during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Clarence R. Gordon.....**Managing Editor**

CONTRIBUTING STAFF

Sydney L. Greenberg Photo Editor
Joe Carabajal Staff Artist
Boyd Sinclair Book Review Editor

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER Sept. 8, 1949, at the Post Office at Denver, Colo., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE

\$3.00 per Year Foreign: \$4.00 per Year
\$5.50 Two Years \$7.00 Two Years

Please Report Change of Address Immediately!
Direct All Correspondence to

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● We have already received several true stories as result of our announcement of a 1957 Story-Writing Contest in the February issue. Readers are encouraged to send their true adventures in CBI to Roundup for entry in the contest. Best story published in Roundup during the year will win \$100 for the author. Read the rules in last issue and send us your story.

● Cover photo shows a road block on the Ledo Road, just north of Tagap, Burma. Photo by R. J. Reppel.

● Many of our readers expressed disappointment over Roundup's decision to publish only 10 issues per year, omitting the August and September copies. We are grateful that so many hundreds of subscribers were willing to pay \$4.00 per year to have the magazine continue publishing 12 issues. We abided by the majority vote of our subscribers who preferred to keep the subscription rate at \$3.00.

● Early in December our "Bazaar of India's" supply of the beautiful Zari-embroidered ladies' evening bags was exhausted. We could have sold at least 150 more of these bags, had we had them. Now our new shipment has arrived and the bags are available for immediate delivery again. See back cover ad.

● We are still short of good CBI photos. If you have any you think suitable for publication, we'd be happy to have a look at them. All photos will be returned. Be sure your name and explanatory caption appears on the back of each picture.



Scare on the Hump

● Enjoyed "Forced Landing In China" (Feb.) especially since I had a similar experience, though we were not forced down. I was co-pilot on a C-47 crossing The Hump from Kunming to Chabua in February 1944 when our starboard engine began sputtering. It never stopped, but just sputtered enough to cause us to lose altitude. All three of us were scared silly as we visioned ourselves piled up on a jungle-covered mountain top. We were about an hour away from Chabua and we couldn't get the engine to run smoothly again. Fortunately we were high enough at 15,000 feet to clear all ridges, and by the time we finally reached Assam we were still doing well at 9,000 feet. We landed without incident and next day our boys took the engine completely apart but never did find out what caused the engine to sputter. Guess we were really lucky.

BART I. SHERRICK,
Montreal, Canada

436th Bomb Squadron

● The magazine is terrific! Would like to correspond with anyone who was in the 436th Bomb Squadron, 7th Bomb Group between May 1944 and Jan. 1945.

PETER E. PAPPAS,
36 Central St.,
Palmer, Mass.

Hump Radio Operator

● Served in CBI for 27 months at Ondal, Chabua, Lalmanirhat and Chenkung with ATC, first as a radio operator on The Hump, later on the ground as a sheet metal repairman. Never knew there was a CBI organization until recently. Plan to take in some of the reunions in the future.

FRANK A. HEFNER,
Morley, Mich.

MARCH, 1957

'Middle of Nowhere'

● The story, "Middle of Nowhere" (Feb.) had special significance to me. I was darned near assigned there and only an act of God (a broken leg) saved me from the fate! I had heard it was a lonesome hell-hole on the red hot desert, with only a couple of Americans there. Thanks to a young private who didn't know how to drive, I was injured in a jeep accident severely enough that I missed the assignment. Maybe I was better off.

HARLEY SOAKMAN,
Lansing, Mich.

Remount Outfit

● Interested in receiving the magazine. Was in CBI two years in a Remount outfit supplying pack mules and pack animals to the Chinese and American soldiers.

DELVIN MILLER,
Meadow Lands, Pa.

96th Signal Battalion

● I am trying to locate my old commanding officer, Capt. Tom Resinzi of the 96th Signal Battalion. He lives somewhere in New York. Can anyone help me?

VINCE VENUTI,
Leland, Miss.



U. S. ARMY HEADQUARTERS at New Delhi during the war. The building was demolished recently to make way for a building project. U.S. Army photo.

From Myitkyina

● Ex-CBI Roundup's gift and those of your subscribers for our new church building reached me last week and so I am writing to express our hearty thanks for your help and your interest in the work here . . . These are cool, clear days here in Myitkyina, with a breeze from the NE making it almost cold in the shade. Just before sunrise this morning, the temperature was 58, and in our unheated house, that feels pretty brisk, even if it is a bit warmer inside. The hills on the China border show up very clear at this time of year . . . We are in the process of setting up a Kachin press here in Myitkyina. The building, erected with Kachin money, was

dedicated in October, and just last week the 10x15 Chandler & Price press given by our Mission Board arrived from the U.S. There is a young Kachin who has prepared himself for running the press by three months of practical experience on a big press in Rangoon. We expect to print Kachin Sunday School lessons and put out a monthly or semi-monthly Baptist paper for the churches as well as doing a great deal of other printing, some commercial. It is a new venture, but something the Kachins have dreamed of and worked towards for a number of years.

Rev. H. G. TEGENFELDT,
Baptist Mission House,
Myitkyina, Burma

1st Air Commandos

● Have enjoyed the magazine for the past few years. Was a member of the 1st Air Commandos for a couple of years. Crossed India from Bombay to Calcutta and saw quite a bit of Burma. Hope you plan to run an article on the Commandos some day.

DALE WETZEL,
Rockton, Ill.

75th L.P. Engineers

● How's about a little writeup about the 75th L.P. Engineers? We built the largest pontoon bridge across the Irrawaddy River in 1944.

GEORGE KOLESAR,
Rillton, Pa.



THIS WAS the last B-24 turned out at Consolidated's Ft. Worth plant. It was autographed by all employees and sent to the 493rd Bomb Squadron, 7th Group. Photo by Dale Strohbehn.

January Cover

● Glad you could use my picture on the cover of January issue. The chap with hand on jeep in the photo was my interpreter, or "Fan-i-Kuan," who was one of the best in China, having received most of his early education in European schools in Rangoon so that he thought as we GI's did. His name was Hsu-Nan-Teh, but was known by hundreds of American personnel as "Tuck." He has been in the States since 1945 and was graduated from University of Wisconsin with a B.S. in Chemical Engineering about 1951. My family and I had the pleasure of attending his wedding at Madison Avenue Presbyterian in New York in June 1953. He has been working and studying at the University of California since completing his Doctor's degree in June 1956.

WALTER A. KEPPLER,
Marmora, N. J.



QUIET VILLAGE on the river near Chanyi, China. Photo by R. Ingles.

Contrasting Photos

● Talk about contrasts! On pages 4 and 5 of the February issue are pictures of a gateway to a cemetery and a gateway to a bridge. At the bottom of the pages are a fairly well-to-do Chinese couple and a couple in tattered rags.

JAMES D. REILLY,
Honolulu, Hawaii

234th General Hospital

● Disappointed in the decision to omit the August and September issues. I don't think many would have minded the extra dollar per year so you could have continued publishing 12 issues annually. Was with the 234th General Hospital in Assam and I have yet to see you do a good story on this outfit.

JERRY LAROTONDA,
Beacon, N. Y.

FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer

MEMBER OF
General Stilwell Basha
Record of Invention Forms
FREE UPON REQUEST
Colorado Building
Washington, D.C.

Former CBIVA Officer

● Am leaving in January for a one-year assignment on Guam with the U. S. Naval Hospital.

ALICE BILLY TODD,
American Red Cross,
APO, San Francisco

Send a Gift Subscription to a V.A. Hospital — Only \$2.00 per year.

Back Issues!

PRICE 25c EACH

1948	1952	1954
<input type="checkbox"/> Sept.	<input type="checkbox"/> Jan.	All 12
	<input type="checkbox"/> Mar.	Copies
1949	<input type="checkbox"/> May,	
<input type="checkbox"/> Sept.	<input type="checkbox"/> July	1955
<input type="checkbox"/> Dec.	<input type="checkbox"/> Sept.	All 12
1950	<input type="checkbox"/> Nov.	Copies
<input type="checkbox"/> June		
<input type="checkbox"/> Sept.	1953	1956
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov.	<input type="checkbox"/> Jan.	All 12
	<input type="checkbox"/> Mar.	copies
1951	<input type="checkbox"/> May,	30c Ea.
<input type="checkbox"/> Jan.	<input type="checkbox"/> July	
<input type="checkbox"/> Mar.	<input type="checkbox"/> Sept.	1957
<input type="checkbox"/> May,	<input type="checkbox"/> Oct.	<input type="checkbox"/> Jan.
<input type="checkbox"/> July	<input type="checkbox"/> Nov.	<input type="checkbox"/> Feb.
<input type="checkbox"/> Sept.	<input type="checkbox"/> Dec.	
<input type="checkbox"/> Nov.		

The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.



INSPECTING WRECKAGE of the general's new C-45 plane at Myitkyina are Brig. Gen. Lewis A. Pick and Col. C. S. Davis. General Pick narrowly escaped death when his plane was struck by a runaway C-47 on the airstrip, a few minutes after he had left the plane. U.S. Army photo, Aug. 3, 1944.

The Story of Eastern Air Command

Burma Air Victory

Teamwork of American and British air power, fused by the organization of Eastern Air Command, blasted the Jap from India and Burma skies. Text written by Public Relations Sections, Eastern Air Command, May, 1945.

IN DECEMBER 1943, the Japanese held almost all Burma and, standing poised on India's eastern frontier, threatened to swarm over Bengal's plains. To meet this crisis, the Supreme Allied Commander in the newly-formed South East Asia Command, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, directed the integration of Allied air operations over Burma and formed Eastern Air Command, which was commanded by Lt. General (then Maj. Gen.) George E. Stratemeyer, and responsible to Air Chief Marshall Sir Richard Peirce, the Allied Air Commander-in-Chief. The Supreme Allied Commander originally specified two main objectives: (1) Protect the lines of communication between the supply base of India and the fighting Chinese front and (2) destroy the Japanese air force in Burma. Most of the available RAF and USAAF aircraft in the Theater were given to the General to execute his task.

Thus was born Eastern Air Command, an integrated air force with flying crews and ground personnel from Britain, the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India. Operating from bases ranging from the reddish-brown, red-hot, dust plains of Bengal, to the rain-drenched tea estates of Assam and the sweaty, steaming jungle airstrips of Burma, this Allied air arm got to work.

In his first general order on Dec. 15, 1943, General Stratemeyer said: "A resourceful, able and wily enemy must be blasted from the jungles of Burma and driven from its skies. His lines of communication must be obliterated, his shipping destroyed, his will to resist crushed.

"We must merge into one unified force in thought and deed—a force neither British nor American, with the faults of neither and the virtues of both. We must establish in Asia a record of Allied air victory of which we can all be proud in the years to come. Let us write it now in the skies over Burma."

It has been written. Today the task is done. The road to China is open and oil flows two thousand miles from the port

How Allied Air Power Helped In Defeating The Japanese in Burma

of Calcutta to the U. S. airmen in China. The Japanese air force has been knocked out of Burma's skies and with rocket, bomb and machine-gun rooted out of its Burma airfields.

Eastern Air Command achieved more than Mountbatten originally called for. It was Eastern Air Command that blasted the 1000-mile way thru for the British 14th Army from Imphal to Rangoon. It was Eastern Air Command supply aircraft which kept that army moving thru jungle, swamps the central dust bowl and over the 8,000-foot mountain ridges. It was Eastern Air Command bombing that scorched Jap supply dumps into blackened ruins. They were Eastern Air Command aircraft that smashed the bridges on the enemy's supply lines, left sinking his shipping and riddled with bullets his sampans, tore up his railway tracks and fired his trains, started the flame and explosion that wiped out his road convoys.

In the siege of Imphal, Eastern Air Command supply aircraft delivered to the troops 14,317,000 pounds of rations, including 423 tons of sugar and 919 tons of food grain. Five thousand live chickens and 27,500 eggs (solely for use in hospitals) were flown in, so too were 5,250,000 vitamin tablets, 1,300 tons of grain for animals, 835,000 gallons of fuel and lubricants, 12,000 bags of mail from home, and 43,476,760 cigarettes for the troops.

The Hurribomber, rising from besieged Imphal, smashed the Jap in his foxhole eight miles away, and the B-24 Liberators wrecked his railyards, then mined his Bangkok harbor a thousand miles away. That truly great aircraft, the C-47 Dakota, parachuted rations and guns and bullets to the Gurkhas and the fighting men of Britain bottling thru the mountains of North Burma and its Central plains. The Jap in his bunker saw the water containers, the bully beef—and the beer—parachuted down to the men of the 14th Army. And

that same Jap in his bunker sipped the muddy water of the creek to slake his thirst and threw away his empty rice bag and counted his last few rounds of ammunition—and rotted where he lay down and died.

The P-47 Thunderbolt and the P-51 Mustang flew 1,000-mile trips to set Rangoon's airfields in flames. The Jap Oscars



and Sallys sneaked back to Bangkok, and the Air Commando P-51 Mustang ferreted them out there in 1,500-mile strikes.

They flew together, these young men of many nations. They fought side by side, sweeping into the storm of Jap flak over Rangoon. The boy from Brooklyn in a P-47 flew as escort to the B-24 piloted by the clerk from Chelsea, South Wales, and his crew, drawn from Scotland and Wales, from South Africa's veldt and Australia's sheep farm.

The inevitable Texan took in his B-25 Mitchell at 300 feet so that a finger from Wyoming could send hurtling down the bomb that knocked out the center span of the bridge, flying above them in a Spitfire was the boy who got 10 "kills" in the Battle of Britain and was due home in two months time.

Because the solicitor from the Punjab had spotted on tactical reconnaissance in his Royal Indian Air Force Hurricane those tell-tale tracks leading to that new Jap supply dump on the Irrawaddy bank, the Mosquito that flew its test flight in Liverpool and the P-38 Lightning that had its first take-off in Burbank, Calif., were able to go in an hour later and wipe it out.

The meteorological man from Oregon who said that forecasting the monsoon rains would make a "screwball" of anyone pooled his information with the Cornishman who thought the weather "damnable ropey."

WAY BACK this integration went, from the pilot to the general and the air vice-marshal, who saw to it that the bullets got to him in quantity and planned that he put them into the target where it would hurt the Jap most, or, rather, integration did not move back to staff officers, at first in Delhi and later in Calcutta. Integration started in headquarters of Eastern Air Command and flowed for-

ward to the jungle strips. For that was almost the first action Stratemeyer took when his command was formed on December 15, 1943. "We'll work together," he said. So they sat side by side, these officers of the RAF and USAAF, planning the strikes that put the Jap back to Bangkok.

And the GI and BOR at headquarters, who had to mimeograph all those directives and plans, ended each day's work by having that inevitable "coke" together. All ranks at headquarters, those commissioned and those who were not, worked together, lived together, ate and drank together, found that the RAF "type" was a "good Joe" and that the boy from Boston, though he would call schedule "skedule" when any one from Middlesborough knew it was "schedule," was a good mate (or was it buddy?).

At the start, way back in the closing days of 1943 in Queensway, New Delhi, the RAF contingent at headquarters numbered 30. A year later it was much more than ten times that, the man who knew what integration meant was the Jap in his foxhole, who was at the receiving end of the EAC punch.

It worked out that way because the men at the top who planned and the pilots and aircrews who did the combat jobs found quickly that this was the best way to kill Japs. Killing Japs was their business, and the Americans and the British, the men of Eastern Air Command, the personnel of "Integration Incorporated," knew their business, did it together, and did it thoroughly.

You became part of this Jap-slaying machine. You couldn't help remaining a Yank or a Limey or a Canuck or an Aussie, but, above all, you were in the team. You were one of the men who made up Eastern Air Command.

It worked because the two men who opened up the Command—General Stratemeyer and Air Vice-Marshal T. M. "Bill" Williams—were a natural. They liked and respected each other. They were from the



A C-47 DAKOTA in flight over the Burma hills, enroute to a supply-drop mission.

word "go" the two-men team that gave the bigger team a meaning, a purpose and its spirit. This contribution by "Strat" and "Bill," as they were known, has lasting effect. Later Air Marshal W. A. Coryton, who had succeeded Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin in command of Third Tactical

Burma Air Victory

Air Force—one of Eastern Air Command's air arms—became assistant Air Commander to Stratemeyer. Integration was complete as ever.

To grasp the magnitude of the task facing Eastern Air Command, both its combat and transport aircraft, roll out the map of Burma. Note the ranges that spread south in Burma from the Himalayan heights, the Roof of the World. For centuries they were the barrier to invasion from the east. They served that purpose, too, fairly adequately when for the first time the Japanese self-styled themselves the warriors who were to "march on Delhi."

A defense line for the Allies, these ranges were at the same time the apparently insuperable obstacle to be mounted before troops based in India could push into Burma and clear out the Japs. They were, too, the 8,000-foot barrier over which supplies had to be carried to sustain those troops. There was one supply road, turning and twisting over the mountains, that led into Central Burma. But the roadhead, way up in Assam, was itself 500 miles from the port of Calcutta, where supplies poured into the base of India. It was a fortnight's journey by rail and road. It was an impossible journey in the monsoon months of May to October.

The Air and Eastern Air Command supplied the answer to this problem. They cut that fortnight's journey to less than 24 hours. They lifted regiment after regiment over the mountain barrier and then went back for the supplies that maintained the troops as a fighting force. The monsoon, it was said, would stop these sorties. The American, British and Dominion aircrews took their lives in their hands and their C-47's over these storm-swept, turbulent mountain peaks. They beat the bar-

rier; they beat the monsoon; they beat geography and Japs. They seemed to be able to ferry forward anything at any time. A 155-mm howitzer was broken down, flown into Myitkyina by the 10th Air Force and reassembled. It helped the fighter-bombers and B-25's of the 10th to batter this North Burma base to surrender in July and August, 1944. Seventeen bulldozers were split up, hopped over the peaks, and reassembled to hack airstrips out of the jungle for new bases for Eastern Air Command, ever leapfrogging forward.

From January, 1944, to and including April, 1945, transport aircraft of the Eastern Air Command, both USAAF and RAF, carried supplies and ammunition into Burma totalling 594,165 tons. Men carried out of the Burma combat zones (wounded, etc.) totalled 110,761. Men carried into the zones totalled 315,125. Total tonnage carried was 677,748.

The B-24's of the 7th Bombardment Group even took a hand on the "milk run" in the monsoon of 1944 and ferried two million gallons of fuel to China. C-46 supply planes flew locomotives into Central Burma. Live pigs, chickens, calves, went in as fresh food. Mules and ponies were packed in C-47's and landed where their sure-footedness was vital in territory even the jeep couldn't stomach. Fourteen hundred mules were flown in one operation. Two divisions and the headquarters of the Chinese 6th Army—25,000 troops and 1,500 pack animals—were flown back to China when the Japs threatened Chungking and Kunming. The combat aircraft, too, had this mountain barrier to contend with. The Beaufighter and the B-25 Mitchell, rising from bases in east Bengal, would soar to 16,000 feet at times to clear the ranges, then drop to 200 feet to sweep down on the Rangoon-Mandalay railway and wipe out a supply train. There would be ack-ack over the target. You might catch something of it. An engine would sigh, splutter and cough. You'd sweat it out to gain height for those fearsome peaks and swirling clouds that hid that home runway from view. There were 500 to 600 miles to go—that's London to Berlin—and storms to combat that could whip up an area of death in 60 seconds. Many got back. Many airmen of Britain and America vanished utterly, completely. Somewhere in those green-clad Chin Hills was their grave. These, then, were just some of the life-and-death elements Eastern Air Command flyers had to conquer.

The Command had its first great test within less than two months of its formation. It was fitting that the supply aircraft should win these, the first battle honors. For all through the alternate swift-moving



CONVERTED B-24 bomber (C-109) hauling gasoline over The Hump for B-29's in China. Photo by M. H. Christler.



B-25 OF THE 12th Bomb Group dropping bombs on Jap concentration in Burma. U.S. Army photo.

and mud-slogging Battle of Burma in 1944 runs this thread of grey-green C-47's. The supply line they drew over jungle and mountain was a decisive factor in the annihilation of the Japanese Army. Decisive year in South East Asia for the Japs was 1944, for it was as the new year dawned that Hirohito's High Command put the final touches to the plan to carry the war into India and smash the land and air bases that were being prepared there. It was in the early days of February that Lt. General Hanaya, Jap Commander in the Arakan, struck. He split the 5th Indian Division and 7th Indian Division and cut the land route supply lines. This was not new in Burma, but this time the encircled troops of the British 14th Army stood firm in the defense "boxes" and fought it out. They fought because the air sustained them.

ONE OF THE four air forces which comprised Eastern Air Command at that time was Brig. General William D. Old's Troop Carrier Command, with its squadrons of USAAF and RAF C-47's. Over the heights of the Mayu Range they winged their way to parachute their supplies into the besieged "boxes." From first light over the waters of the Bay of Bengal until night and mosquitos cloaked the jungle-clad hills, the supplies went in. Fifteen hundred tons were dropped to the men who repelled in hand-to-hand combat the fanatical Japs. Rations, fuel, ammunition, water rained down. The Japs, with no such air supply, wavered. Then they broke, leaving thousands of their dead in the tidal creeks, the swamps and the jungle. The Air had shown the Army the way.

Here was the solution to the problem of Burma's logistics. This was the new weapon that was in the months ahead to lift whole divisions and their equipment and move them hundreds of miles in hours. Here were the aircrews who, in

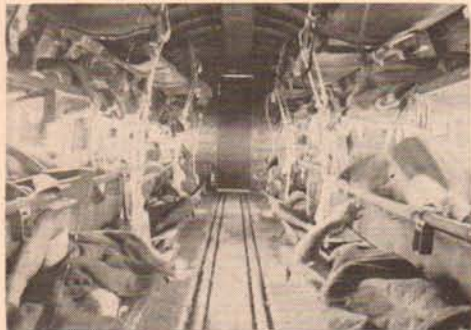
liaison with the pilots of the American L-1's and L-5's, were to ferry out the casualties to the rear hospitals. These, then, were the aircraft that were to give the Army cook his groceries, the armorer his ammunition, the tank crews their fuel, the medical stations their penicillin and bandages. At last the men with vision were proved right. Burma's mountains, her jungles, yet, even her monsoons were no longer to be barriers to movement. The air not only could sustain a besieged division; it could set it in motion and keep it moving.

The Troop Carrier Command gave way that summer to the Allied Combat Cargo Task Force of C-47's and C-46's operating under Brig. Gen. Frederick W. Evans with USAAF, British and Canadian crews. They parachuted and flew in supplies all the way down from Imphal to, eventually, Rangoon, while in North Burma the cargo and transport planes of the 10th Air Force kept the NCAC troops supplied. Over the whole length and breadth of Burma, Combat Cargo Task Force and 10th Air Force supply planes delivered the goods.

Once more in 1944 were the supply aircraft to break a Japanese offensive. This was six weeks after Arakan. This was Imphal and Kohima, where three of Japan's finest divisions broke through into India and Tokyo Radio blared that the "march to Delhi" was on. The Fifth (Indian) and Seventh (Indian) Divisions were flown up, lock stock and barrel, from Arakan as reinforcements. Again the land supply lines were cut, so speedy was the Japanese advance. Again Eastern Air Command supply aircraft flew in supplies and men and flew out thousands of non-combatant troops and civilians. Wellingtons alone ferried in a million pounds of bombs for the fighter-bombers in the Imphal Plain. At Kohima, too, the supplies parachuted down. They were snatched by British and Indian troops from jungle clearings, often from under the very noses of the Japanese.

The 14th Army held. Smashed from the air, his lines of supply wiped out by Eastern Air Command planes, the Jap again broke and retreated. The way back was white with bones of starved Japanese. For them there was no air supply. This was the start of the 1,000-mile retreat down to Rangoon. On May 3, 1945, Burma's capital was reoccupied and the Allies had a springboard for further offensives.

Tiddim Road, which winds its way through clouds and jungle from Imphal to the base in the Chin Hills which gives it its name, became the most bombed highway in Asia. As the Japs retreated down it, B-25's and P-47's, Spitfires, Hurricanes and Hurribombers smashed at it continu-



INTERIOR OF C-47 Ambulance Plane, with wounded patients from Burma. Photo by Morris Kaplan, M. D.

ously. By day the Jap was never safe from the guns and cannon and bombs that spelled death. By night the glow of a campfire as he tried to cook his food drew more bullets.

IN THE AIR the war was fierce, but short-lived and decisive. On the eve of the Arakan offensive, Japanese fighters appeared. So, too, for the first time did the RAF Spitfires. The Japanese fighters ran into trouble. The Third Tactical Air Force swept into them. In ten days, 65 Jap fighters, were destroyed, probably destroyed or damaged. Only three Spitfires were lost. The Japs withdrew. Some weeks later they appeared again over the battlefields of Imphal and Kohima. Third Tactical Air Force swept them out of the skies again, then switched their attack to gun positions, foxholes, dumps, transport bridges, rivercraft. On into the monsoon they flew as the Jap threat to India was broken. Third Tactical Air Force fighter-bombers and medium bombers flew 24,000 sorties in this, the worst four months of the worst flying weather over the worst flying terrain in the world. The old RAF warhorse, the Hurribomber, was in its element in the mountains that split India from Burma. Strategic Air Force B-24's were flung into the Imphal battle.

The last of India's invaders crossed back into Burma in late August. In the whole Burma campaign up to that stage, Eastern Air Command and the 14th Army had annihilated five Japanese divisions and cut up several others. Meanwhile way up in North Burma was the domain of the 10th Air Force under Major General Howard C. Davidson. Their supply planes roared in between the jungle and the rain-cloud ceiling. They helped to keep alive the men who, under General Joseph Stilwell, cleared the Japs from the Hukawng and Mogaung Valleys. They helped in the carving out through cliff, jungle, mountain and swamp of the Ledo Road that ran to

Myitkyina, that at last completed the ground link between China and the United Nations, after years of isolation.

The 10th's combat planes were there right through 1944, machine-gunning enemy positions and taking the place of artillery as Sumprabum, Shadazup, Kamaing and Myitkyina fell to Stilwell's armies. They were there, too, when the Northern Combat Area Command—the Chinese divisions, the Mars Task Force and the 36th (British) Division, all under Lt. Gen. Dan I. Sultan—drove through Mogok, Mong Mit, Bhamo and Lashio and flung the Jap out of all North Burma east of the Irrawaddy.

During one three-month period in Stilwell's drive, 10th Air Force planes flew more than 8,500 sorties and dropped more than 3,700,000 pounds of bombs on the enemy. Myitkyina, the most vital enemy air base in North Burma, was subjected to merciless air attack prior to its fall. Tenth Air Force P-40's, A-36's and P-51's were constantly over the town, dive-bombing targets selected by Allied ground troops. On July 23, for instance, a single squadron of P-40's dropped 105 bombs and land mines, totalling 27,750 pounds, on the town.

There were two other outstanding achievements by Eastern Air Command in the first half of 1944. Colonels Philip G. Cochran and John R. Alison were associated with both. To India they brought their Air Commandos. It was they who, in gliders and C-47's, with the help of Troop Carrier Command, flew into battle the forces under the late Major General Orde Charles Wingate that landed 150 miles behind the Japanese lines inside Burma to disrupt the entire rear of the armies operating against General Stilwell's American-trained Chinese divisions. In the moonlight of March 5, the gliders headed for the target beyond the 9,000-foot mountains. The American Airborne Engineers in them cut out the airstrip at "Broadway" and the brigades were flown in. For months those British and Indian guerrilla troops were sustained entirely by air supply. Jeeps, mules, guns, ponies, ammunition and rations were flown in.

In the weeks that preceded the Wingate fly-in and in the weeks following it, Cochran's P-51's struck the second blow of 1944 at the Japanese aircraft. He had in the P-51 an aircraft of longer range than any other Allied fighter in the theater at that time, a plane with which to develop a new technique of attack. Cochran went out hunting his prey. He did not wait for the Jap fighters to stick their noses into Allied territory. He flew to their bases deep in Burma and shot them on the

ground or clawed out of the sky those who had managed to become airborne when the local warning system used by the Japanese frantically announced the approach of Cochran's flyers. The Commandos—Cochran used his B-25's too, and, what is more, used to handle them like fighters—cashed in on the Japs' inadequate warning system. Onbauk, Shwebo, Meiktila, Ye-U, Hsum Hsai, Thabutkon have been in Allied hands for months now. When Cochran and Alison left they were the graveyards of shattered Japanese bombers and fighters. Cochran's Commandos destroyed 100 aircraft in a few months.

BASED IN Arakan, the 459th Squadron P-38 Lightnings cooperated in these death-dealing strikes and scored up 100 aircraft also. This was something new in Burma's air war, these long-range fighters who came right in at you and left your aircraft flaming skeletons. It wasn't in the book. It certainly wasn't in the Jap book.

As the months rolled by the Japanese Air Force faded clean out of Burma. It then became crystal clear that the 1st Air Commandos and the 459th Fighter Squadron strikes in the spring and early summer of 1944 had broken not only its spirit but its back. The new Spitfires, whose primary role was defense, were a major factor in this Jap debacle also. Cochran was given the aircraft to do it, but it was his imagination in using them in this new way that was decisive. What Cochran began, the long-range P-47's and P-51's continued in the late months of the year. Then the vital Rangoon ring of airfields was the target. The Japs fell back to Don Muang at Bangkok and other airfields in Siam. At last that magic figure was chalked up: "Number of Jap aircraft in Burma: Nil." Eastern Air Command had completed another part of the task Mountbatten had set.

There was one other striking achievement developed under Eastern Air Command—cooperation between ground troops and aircrews on a scale known in few other theaters. Thus came the "cab-rank" which, as its name implies, was a perpetual rank of aircraft over the forward troops under the control of air officers in jeeps. These men, working in the closest liaison with ground force commanders, would call in the aircraft for immediate strikes with bombs, cannon or machine gun nest holding up our advance. The officer in the jeep would call up the cab-rank pilots on the radio-telephone and bring them in smack on to a pin-pointed target. There was no preliminary briefing about the target. The order often was: "200 yards due east of that pagoda in that bunch of trees. Got it? Well, get in and prang those bunkers!" The bunkers would be pranged.

The "cab-rank" was seen at its best in the drive by armored columns of the 4th (Indian) Corps from the Irrawaddy to Meiktila in March, 1945, when the Jap was caught napping. The 1st and 2nd Air Commando fighters were on constant patrol overhead, striking at all points the ground forces called for, while Combat Cargo Task Force transport planes flew in hundreds of troops to the Meiktila airfields which the armored columns had seized.

In Burma itself, the Japanese had all the lines of communication. They were over the whole period of Eastern Air Command's history a primary target. The veteran of all aircraft in this work was the RAF Beaufighter. Down the Irrawaddy and the Chindwin rivers the Beaufighters flew, sinking barges, sampans and steamers. They often started spurts of flame and black smoke when their cannon fire tore into the 325-mile Irrawaddy oil pipeline. They hit the Rangoon-Mandalay railway so hard that for a year the Jap could



LINE OF C-47 cargo planes on the airstrip at Myitkyina. A P-47 is ready to take off. U.S. Army photo.

MARCH, 1957

move his supply trains only by night. Two of them in the spring of 1945 set up a world record for this type of aircraft by flying a round trip of 1350 miles to attack shipping south of Rangoon.

The role of the B-25 of the 12th Bombardment Group was also to concentrate on lines of supply. Their strikes against airfields in central and southern Burma were a major factor in their immobilization. One 10th Air Force B-25 squadron, the 490th, achieved fame in their destruction of bridges, particularly in North Burma. They knocked out as many as ten in one day. Their total "bag" was around 150. Their technique was to smash the foundation rather than the superstructure. The Air Commando B-25's late in 1944 adopted a new role—night attacks on railway. Functioned locomotives, boilers and flaming trains were left in their wake. Other B-25's aimed at supply dumps and pounded battle area targets.

The Mosquito was the adaptable aircraft that could turn its wings to any job. The Mosquitoes maintained with RAF Beaufighters, standing patrols over Jap airfields as the 14th Army drove south. Rivercraft, also, were their objectives. We have told of the Spitfire's part in defense. Offensive, too, they played havoc with river lines of supply.

The P-38, veteran of American fighters and fighter-bombers in Burma now that the P-40 had had its day, attacked every conceivable type of target, in addition to administering shattering blows to the Japanese Air Force in the spring of 1944, when the 459th Squadron hit the headlines. We have told, too, how the long-range P-47 flown by British and American pilots, and the P-51's flown by American pilots, struck deeper and deeper into Burma, shooting up airfields. The climax was on March 15, 1945, when 2nd Air Commando P-51's led by Lt. Col. Levi R. Chase flew a 1560-mile round trip flight to shoot up Don Muang airfield, Bangkok, to which the battered Jap Air Force had retired. They got 31 aircraft destroyed that day, which shook the Japs badly. That Bangkok strike was a world record long range offensive sortie. It was repeated a month later.

The RAF used their P-47's with 500-pound bombs for battle area strikes. They became the artillery of the air, the planes that blasted foxholes and dug-in positions before the 14th Army went in to complete the job with the bayonet or grenade. In this work, too, the Hurribomber came into its own. The old Hurricane, operating over Burma in greater numbers than any other type of Allied aircraft, did a sterling job, in monsoon and out of it. Like Topsy, the Hurricanes just "grewed and grewed" in



GROUP OF Enlisted Men and officers rest in a field after moving gasoline over The Hump for four days steadily. U.S. Army photo.

the increasing variety of their targets and the fire-punch they carried.

It started with machine-guns, then came 20mm cannon, then rockets. And all the time 250-pound bombs. There was no glamour about the old Hurricane, like the Thunderbolt, the Mustang and the Mosquito. But they were both the small artillery of the air for the 14th Army and the tactical reconnaissance aircraft that spotted the target in the jungle, creek and scrub. The eyes of the Photographic Reconnaissance Force of Eastern Air Command were the P-38's, B-25's, B-24's, Mosquitoes and Spitfires. It was a Mosquito that in the spring of 1945 did a round-trip flight of nearly 2,500 miles in under nine hours to get invaluable cover—another Eastern Air Command world record.

WE TURN TO the work of the heavy bombers, the USAAF and RAF B-24's of Strategic Air Force, commanded by Air Commodore F. J. W. Mellersh. It was the American-built B-24 Liberator that did all the strategic work in Burma and Siam. The Japs took thousands of British, Dominion and Indian prisoners of war and by December, 1943, had completed a single-track railway linking the port of Bangkok. Siam's capital, with Moulmein in South Burma. This route was to take the strain off the coastal supply route of South Burma, ravaged by long-range aircraft with its terminal, Rangoon, mined and bombed by Strategic heavies.

Having denied Rangoon to Japanese shipping the B-24's turned their fire-power against the Burma-Siam railway, which they cut again and again, smashing scores of bridges. Press-ganged local labor and mobile repair units could not make the shattered links of this enemy artery serviceable quickly enough. Supplies drained to half, to a trickle. Farther south struck the heavies, well into the southernmost part of Burma and the Kra Isthmus, smash-

ing railyards, supply centers and ports in flights of 2,500 miles. Here again came another world record. RAF Liberator crews on an offensive mission completed a flight of 3,700 miles—a record for a B-24. Sometimes units of the Strategic Air Force were flung into battle area strikes. In the immediate battle for Mandalay, they dropped 3,000 tons of bombs in a month on dumps, troops, headquarters areas and supply bases. The scorched, futilely-camouflaged dumps of Rangoon, most important in all Burma, were another score to Strategic Air Force.

As 1945 dawned, Eastern Air Command stepped up its number of daily sorties. Four hundred and fifty a day was a record in March, 1944. Twelve months later more than 3,000 daily sorties were being constantly flown. The RAF combat aircraft in all these operations were from 221 Group and 224. It should be noted that the RAF group is the equivalent of the USAAF wing. The USAAF group is the counterpart of the RAF wing.

The British 221 Group, commanded by Air Vice Marshal S. F. Vincent, worked in cooperation with the 14th Army on the drive from Imphal to Rangoon. Their territory was to the east of the mountain ranges. The 224 Group, commanded first by Air Vice-Marshal Alec Gray and later by Air Vice-Marshal the Earl of Bandon, covered 15th (Indian) Army Corps, whose operations were in Arakan and who occupied Rangoon. The 224 territory was west of the mountains. As land operations demanded them, there were switch-overs. The B-25's of the 12th Bombardment Group, for example, operated at various times under 221 and 224. If business was brisk east of the mountains, squadrons from 224 group were switched to that territory. Beaufighters of 224 made strikes in support of the 14th Army. It was all very flexible.



TRANSFERRING GASOLINE from Hump-flown drums to tank truck, for refueling of B-25's. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

Aircraft built for more temperate climes they flew and kept flying over mountains, shaken with electric storms, and at tree-top level over the steaming jungle, down and up valleys where the wing tips seemed every moment to be scraping the cliffs. They'd take off in 130 degrees heat in the shade, when a touch of the white-hot fuselage would sear your palm, and they'd soar to 20,000 feet where torrential rain made all around one as black as pitch. They'd leave those hills behind, come down to the deck—and the condensation would pour out in streams of water from their cameras.

They did not always hit the headlines when 3,000-ton raids on Berlin were becoming commonplace. But they hit the heights in inter-nation comradeship, in imaginative and resourceful use of their planes, in guts and devotion to duty. The Victory of Burma, the completely shattered Japanese Air Force, the mauled and bloody Jap armies, the smashed bridges and dumps and gun positions and docks and railways and roads—all these are at one and the same time an epitaph to those many flying boys of many nations who did not come back, and a scorching granite and marble inscription to those who kept flying day and night, in monsoon and blistering sun, so that the objective of Eastern Air Command was obtained.

And the greatest tribute of all is enshrined in the hearts of those troops on the ground—the men of the English shires and grimy cities, the Gurkhas, the Northwest Frontier Pathans, the centuries-old fighting stock of the Punjab and Rajputana, the bearded Sikhs, the American Marauders and Mars Task Force, the Chinese, the men of the West Africans and the men of the East Africans—these men who daily lifted their heads when the Eastern Air Command flew over them and said in their various tongues, "Thank God for the Air Forces."

—THE END.

CBI LAPEL PINS

Price only \$1.00 each

(Screw-on Type)

SEND FOR YOURS TODAY

They are tiny—only ½-inch high, ⅜-inch wide—but will catch the eye of any CBI-er you chance to meet.

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.



A BANYAN TREE (*Ficus* species), showing the aerial roots which descend from the branches, take root in the soil, and thicken into trunks which support the weight of the large horizontal branches. Photo by R. Huwes.

India's Bearded Strangler Tree

BANYANS

By Col. ROBERT BRUCE WHITE,
USAF-Retd.

UNTIL YOU'VE stood in a banyan's "pillar'd shade, high over-arched, and echoing walks between," quoting Milton's *Paradise Lost*, it is hard to imagine any living thing so immense. Can you imagine one tree 1,251 feet in circumference, an acre of "pillar'd shade?" Calcutta Botanical Gardens has such a monster, and during the war in nearby Barrackpore I often admired one almost as large. Substantially greater specimens have been reported. The renowned English naturalist, Henry Forbes, described one 2,000 feet in circumference, supported by 320 stems each equal to a large tree and 3,000 smaller stems, capable of shading an army of 7,000 men. And Colonel Sykes reported a banyan on an island in the River Nerbudda, called the Kabirbar, so huge it could comfortably shade 20,000 men—a forest from but a single seed.

Huge banyans are always impressive; yet when seen from a distance they are

not so striking, even when in full vigor. They seem like great mounds of green vegetation, rising in gentle waves to a central flattened dome. The outer ends of the great horizontal branches sink so low that not until you've strolled beneath them, do you realize what a wonderful thing the banyan really is. That such a mound of foliage should be the product of a single plant is surprising; but it's only when you see the labyrinth of columned aisles converging on the mother trunk that your wonder becomes awe.

Long shadowy corridors cross one another in every direction, in some cases rising smooth and grey from base to summit; in others festooned with luxuriant creepers and epiphytes. But it's the number and nature of the supporting trunks—scores, even hundreds of them—that surprises you. Some are massive, nearly as thick as the mother trunk; others are mere cords, limp and flexible until, growing ever downward, they touch the ground, take root, become stronger and tense enough to yield a musical note when struck. On looking up into the bearded canopy you see areas so dense with foliage no sunlight ever penetrates; others so thin every leaf is silhouetted against the blue sky. Here and there are openings through which shafts of sunlight fall, striking the grey stems and aerals, and spreading out

at noonday over ground carpeted with mosses, ferns and shade-loving plants. Here you pause to search among the fallen leaves and fruits for seedlings for, according to the Hindus, you are assured of longevity if you immediately swallow one.

Usually a cathedral silence prevails in its shade. But when the fruits are ripening the hush is replaced by a continuous patter of figs broken off by birds and squirrels always to be found in its branches, squabbling with one another over the food so liberally provided. And in these beautiful arcades, again quoting Milton: "There, oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat, shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herd at loopholes cut through its thickest shade."

But as evening falls, a sinister atmosphere seems to grow about these noble giants, you are reminded of countless other native superstitions surrounding the banyan. In the twilight you see those huge bearded branches as evil arms extended as though to crush some hapless victim. You are reminded of names other than banyan or *Ficus Bengalensis*, rather Murderer Fig or Tree Strangler. Their aptness is realized when you know the dramatic quality of the banyan's early development, better still when you actually see one of its victims in deathly embrace. Then you can almost hear the death rattle.

Let us go back to the beginnings of the Great Banyan of Calcutta. Records of the garden show that its site was occupied in 1872 by a *kujoor* date-palm under which a *fakir* used to sit in meditation. Evidently a bird, having eaten a fig from a neighboring banyan, deposited a seed through its intestines in the upper branches of that palm. Presently a little shoot sprang up; and nurtured by the excrement, began its career as an epiphyte. Aerial roots grew downward from the fronds along the supporting trunk until at last they reached the ground. Now the epiphyte became a liana, obtaining all the nourishment it needed from the soil. Bigger and bigger it grew until, to support its increasing weight, the liana put forth lateral roots from those descending. The laterals clasped the trunk, grew around it, met together on the far side, interlaced and inosculated until the doomed date-palm was wrapped in a rigid embrace of death. Strangled, it withered and rotted away as the banyan grew unchecked in the trellis work it continually reinforced. Growth added to growth until the banyan had a solid trunk 12 feet thick, its murderous origins betrayed only by serpentine ridges about its grey surface.

Meanwhile other laterals spread outward, dropping supporting limbs which in turn added other branches and shoots un-

till the tree occupied a prodigious area. But after 143 years of growth, death, as it must to all things, came to the mother tree. Victim of a mysterious fungus, it had to be eradicated to protect the principal radials, by then 160 feet long and supported by hundreds of stems. Even without its parent the Great Banyan of Calcutta is still one of the largest and most impressive living things on earth.

The drama of the banyan's growth is rivalled by an American fig, *Ficus aurea*, native of southern Florida. Beauty of the banyan is rivalled by the Javanese willow, *Ficus benjamina*, a low-spreading shade tree with handsomely rounded coronel often 100 feet in diameter but supported by only one stem. Also rivaling the banyan's beauty, if not murderous habits and huge size, is the Moreton Bay fig, *Ficus macrophylla*, that contributes so much to the attractiveness of Australian parks and gardens. As for religious devotion and antiquity the peepul or bo-tree, *Ficus religiosa*, is far more venerated, being sacred to Buddhists and Hindus alike. In Anurapura in the highlands of Ceylon is a dying peepul, known to have been planted by King Tissa in 28 B.C. as a cutting from the bo-tree in whose shade Guatama the Buddha received his enlightenment and revelations nearly three centuries earlier. The India rubber tree, *Ficus elastica*, original source of rubber, has few aerial roots, but its enormous snake-like roots cover a vast area around the mother trunk. But among all these relatives, numbering almost 2000, none but the semi-tropical *Ficus carica*, produces the edible fig you occasionally enjoy at the breakfast table.

What of the fig leaf raiment worn in the Garden of Paradise by Adam and Eve? According to Milton banyan leaves were selected: "And both together went, into the thickest wood. There soon they chose the fig tree, not that kind for fruit renowned, but such as at this day to Indians known in Malabar and Deccan. . . . (Its) leaves they gathered, broad as Amazonian targe. And with skill they had, together sewed, to gird their waists."

Recalling the many beautiful figs I've seen throughout the world, I think of none except Calcutta's more striking than a pair that grows near Cherrapunji, Assam, where 600 inches of rainfall each year is not uncommon. On opposite sides of a raging mountain torrent below Cherra two figs are growing. Years ago their aerial roots met in mid-air above that rushing stream to intermingle, coalesce, and form a picturesque living bridge strong enough to support a heavily laden man.

A magnificent family, the *Ficus*, but none more so than its largest member, the Bearded Strangler. —THE END.

He'd Rather Walk!

By Col. BOYD B. HILL

IT HAPPENED in CBI, or, well, at least it ended in the CBI. But it really started in December 1943 at Camp Shenango, Pa.

There were 25 of us—12 bird colonels, 6 light colonels, a few majors, captains and lieutenants, assembled from all over the United States for final shots and overseas shipment.

We were Medical, Veterinarian, Infantry and Signal. We were directed to report to Miami, Fla., on December 25th for further orders.

Our next orders called for air transportation for destination unknown.

Among the light colonels was one, whom we shall call George, who was violently opposed to flying, and upon receipt of his orders became quite nervous. When we arrived at the airport at Coral Gables we were told that all the wires on the plane's radio were burned out and there would be a delay while repairing it.

George was positive this was a bad omen.

Eventually we were on our way, via Bourinquen Field, Puerto Rico, Georgetown, British Guiana, Belem, Brazil, to Natal, needless to say without incident.

After a two-day layover we headed across the Atlantic for Ascension Island,

arriving just after daylight, and within an hour continued toward the African coast.

When out about 250 miles I noticed the sun was shining on my window, where a few minutes before it was shining on George's across the aisle from me. I mentioned this to George, who immediately headed for the pilot's cabin where he was told that number two and four engines had developed oil leaks and they were returning to Ascension.

Well, we made Ascension in good shape, in spite of George and his omens. Here we sat for six days awaiting engine replacement parts. That is, all but George—he walked for six days.

We eventually made Accra on the Gold Coast, from there to Kano, Nigeria, to Maiduguri, to El Geneina, Anglo Egyptian Sudan, to Khartoun, where the blue and white Nile meet to form the Nile River.

Mind, you, we were flying in a C-46 with bucket seats from the Gold Coast to Karachi, India.

North of Aden, Arabia, we put down at Salala on the east coast of Arabia and a more deserted spot I hope never to see again. So I ask George what he thought of the place. His answer was, only one thing wrong, you would have to fly out.

Our last stop before Karachi was Masari Island, after dark, and with George a bundle of nerves it did not help matters when the pilot (actually the co-pilot) misjudged the field and had to make a second run to set her down.

We arrived at Karachi at 1:30 a.m. Karachi time, and the minute George's feet hit the runway he headed to the edge of the concrete, spread-eagled belly down and kissed old terra firma.

George was so happy to be on the ground in one piece that he said, "Gentlemen, old George's flying days just ended. I'm taking a boat home." This proved to be the asinine statement of the year, because at 11 a.m. next day George received a briefing of his permanent assignment which read as follows:

"You will entrain for Chabua, Assam Province, where you will proceed by air transportation to Kunming, and from there to Kweilin, China, also by air transportation . . ."

I'm sure after that flight over The Hump George was a nervous wreck when he arrived at Kunming. We can only conclude that he was lucky he was not assigned to the Air Corps! —THE END.

SCOTCHLITE

Reflecting Auto Bumper
Stickers

of the CBI Patch in full color



Only 35c Each—3 for \$1.00

Postpaid

Order From

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

Book Reviews



PORK CHOP HILL. By S. L. A. Marshall. 315 pages. William Morrow and Company, New York, 1956. \$5.

Military tactics used and tremendous sacrifices made by the Seventh Infantry Division to win the battle of Pork Chop Hill in Korea. The author interviewed patrols before they went out and the survivors when they came in.

A RIDE TO PANMUNJOM. By Duane Thorin. 303 pages. The Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, 1956. \$4.

Returning to freedom from a Communist prison in Korea, an American sergeant reflects on his reactions and those of his comrades to the cruelties of captivity. In this novel, the sergeant thinks of the stories of his fellow prisoners.

THE YALU FLOWS. By Mirok Li. 149 pages. Michigan State University Press, Lansing, 1956. \$3.

The autobiography of a Korean doctor who left Korea and made his home in Bavaria. He tells of his childhood and youth in Korea and of the conflicts within him till he left his country. Originally written in German.

A TREASURY OF ASIAN LITERATURE. Edited by John D. Yohannan. 487 pages. The John Day Company, New York, 1956. \$7.50.

Prose, poetry, and scripture from Arabic, Persian, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese literatures. For the general reader, whom the editor has accommodated with tables of contents by country and type. Chronological charts, headnotes.

THROUGH HELL AND DEEP WATER. By Charles Lockwood and Hans Adamson. 331 pages. Greenberg Publisher, New York, 1956. \$4.50.

The story of Sam Dealey, a Texan, commander of the U. S. submarine *Harder*, and his men, who sank 20 Jap vessels in the Pacific during World War II. Their bravery was awarded with the highest Navy honors. Maps and diagrams.

CONFUCIUS. By Shigeki Kaizuka. 191 pages. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1956. \$3.

The life of Confucius, beginning with a section on conditions in China in the Fifth and Sixth Centuries before Christ

and continuing with the ideas of Confucius toward politics, religion, and education.

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN PARIS. By Chiang Yee. 296 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1956. \$5.95.

Impressions of Paris and its environs by the well-known Chinese writer and artist from his visit there in 1951. Reproductions of his watercolors and line sketches accompany the text. Foreword by Sir William Hayter.

ASSIGNMENT CHINA. By Julian Schuman. 253 pages. Whittier Books, New York, 1956. \$4.

One of the last Western journalists to leave China reports on the events which took place in China from 1947 to 1953, the period during which China became a Communist country.

DIPLOMACY AND THE PACIFIC WAR. By Togo Shigenori. 372 pages. Simon and Schuster, New York, 1956. \$5.

The Jap foreign minister at time of Pearl Harbor, who prepared Japan's surrender in 1945, leaves this posthumous account of Japanese diplomatic policy from 1940 through World War II. He died in prison as a "war criminal."

TURN THE TIGERS LOOSE. By Walter Lasly. 151 pages. Ballantine Books, New York, 1956. \$2.75.

Adventures of Lieutenant Colonel Tom Loring, senior Air Force pilot and squadron commander of B-26 bombers flying on dangerous night raids during the war in Korea. This is fiction.

THE NAKED WARRIORS. By Francis Fane and Don Moore. 308 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts, New York, 1956. \$5.

The story of the U. S. Navy's frogmen or underwater demolition teams at Okinawa and Normandy, and later, off Korea. Author Fane is commander of an underwater demolition unit at the naval base at Coronado, California.

RESCUE! By Elliott Arnold. 348 pages. Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1956. \$5.

Story of the Air Rescue Service of the United States Air Force, which has aided about 45,000 people from tropical jungle to the Arctic, from Okinawa to Arabia. First-hand accounts of many missions are chronicled.

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTING OF CHINA AND JAPAN. By Hugo Munsterberg. 160 pages. Charles E. Tuttle Company, Rutland, Vermont, 1956. \$7.50.

A noted Oriental art scholar traces the evolution of the Oriental art form of landscape painting and discusses major artists and their works. In addition to its 160 pages, the book has 102 full-page plates and frontispiece in color.

MISSION WITHOUT END

"SLIDE, DARLING, slide!" yelled the catcher. Without hesitation, the 33-year-old Esther Po—registered nurse and winner of the bronze star and presidential citation—hurtled headlong toward second base.

She dusted herself off and nodded. This was easier than the war days when she was cited for bravery under fire while serving with the United States Forces in Burma and India.

"Bless you, darling, but run next time," chided the catcher. Then he took off his mask and sighed, "You know this is getting harder every year."

The catcher, Dr. Gordon Seagrave, famed Burma Surgeon of World War II, reached for a cigarette, one of the 50 or 60 he smokes every day, and took a deep breath. "My heart just ain't what it used to be. I don't play as often any more."

But the wisened "old American doctor in the hills," as the villagers nearby to Namkham know him, still loves a good game of softball—especially with his corps of Burma nurses. Rooting for both sides is his specialty.

To him the girls are like daughters. And to the girls, who long ago began calling him "Daddy," Dr. Seagrave is closer than most of their relatives have ever been.

Walking back from the softball diamond, Dr. Seagrave's steps seemed slow. His walk was stooped.

At 60 years, the man who has given his life to helping the hill tribes people of Burma, looks much older.

All at once it becomes apparent that another chapter in the Seagrave family history in Burma is perhaps drawing to an end in these foothills where it started in 1834. That was when his grandparents first came to Burma.

Today, the gaunt-looking doctor hopes a member of the family might carry on the tradition when he passes from the scene, but he does not think it's likely. One son, 24-year-old John, is an engineering student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Another son, Sterling, 19, is an art student at Florida's Miami University. Dr. Seagrave's wife left Burma in 1949 and now lives in Baltimore.

Dysentery and malaria have taken their toll, says Dr. Seagrave's eldest son, Weston.



FLIGHT SURGEON Capt. Lemon and Lt. Col. Gordon S. Seagrave watch a native nurse prepare Chinese patient for surgery at Myitkyina. U.S. Army photo.

But perhaps more than anything else it was his detention by the Burmese government in 1950 on charges of high treason that hurt Seagrave most.

"I would rather have had the death penalty than spend six years in prison," Dr. Seagrave said.

That was what government prosecutors sought as a penalty for his alleged support of Burma's Karen rebels in 1948-49.

Eventually the doctor was cleared of all charges and sent back to his beloved hospital in the hills. But his year in a Rangoon jail and the death of his sister, Grace, a year later, were painful memories.

"I think the fact that he was ever suspected in the first place is what really hurt," said Weston.

The younger Seagrave, who was born at Namkham, educated in the United States and flew 31 combat missions as a Navy lieutenant in the Korean war, is the hospital administrator and general fix-it man here.

He's also his father's steadiest companion. Dr. Seagrave doesn't have much time for relaxation, though.

"I've been at this business for 34 years and things get busier every day," he said.

Dr. Seagrave was asked if he had any plan to visit the United States. He has been home only once since World War II.

"Well, I wouldn't mind getting caught up on some Americanism, but the situation is such that I feel my duties are permanently in Burma. And my specialty is

making the common man of Burma believe in Western surgery and methods."

Dr. Seagrave thought a moment and added:

"No, there's something even more important. That's persuading the poorer people of Burma, among whom Communism has great appeal, that as an American, I've got the greatest interest in their welfare."

When Dr. Seagrave talks about communism it's from personal experience. The town of Namhkam is a center of intrigue for Chinese Communist agents who filter across the nearby border. Namhkam is right on the China border and an estimated 1000 illegal Chinese immigrants cross into Burma daily.

The hospital started with a couple of wooden sheds in the '20's. It was levelled during World War II while Dr. Seagrave and his corps of nurses fled west to India

with General Stilwell's armies.

When he came back to Burma in 1945, Dr. Seagrave rebuilt the Namhkam ruins. There are now 22 stone buildings, including a modern operating room, recuperative wards, venereal disease clinic, nurses quarters, a library and a chapel.

Dr. Seagrave spends his relaxing hours in his little house behind the hospital.

He came here originally as a Baptist missionary doctor. Now his hospital is non-sectarian.

Dr. Seagrave's affection for the Kachin, Shan, Chin and Karen frontier people is legend in these hills.

And as his little army of almond-eyed nurses scurry along the hospital corridors in their neat white uniforms, it's easy to sense that the feeling is mutual.

They know "Daddy" is watching over them.

—THE END.

Street Hawking

From The Calcutta Statesman

THE RECENT death under tragic circumstances of a young tea vendor brings to the fore one of Calcutta's numerous problems—that of the city's street hawkers. What should be done about them?

The youth who died used to sell tea from a portable samovar to private car drivers, to shopkeepers and to other working class people in the New Market-Chowringhee area.

Hawking on the pavements is forbidden by law, and on that fatal night the youth was chased by a policeman. He ran across Chowringhee, being narrowly missed by a car moving south and another vehicle moving north, only to run straight into a tramcar travelling at some speed.

The first thing to be realized is that the young chawallah and others like him—the channa-choorwallah and the pan-bidi cigarette man with his tray slung from his neck—are all trying to earn an honest living in a city where there is chronic unemployment. They are, moreover, serving a class of people who cannot afford to spend four annas on a cup of tea in even the cheapest of restaurants.

Strictly speaking, the law does not allow trades such as the dead boy's. But laws after all are man-made and when it is found that something that is reasonable is not permitted—because the law was framed at a time when conditions were vastly different—it is perhaps time to effect some reconciliation between the two.

Some years ago much was written and said about police harassment of East Bengal refugees trying to earn a living as hawkers. The Government was satisfied that a case had been made out and portions of pavements were turned into hawker's corners.

The true hawkers are to be found elsewhere — at Esplanade for instance—and they are a likeable lot, for they are great salesmen and by their arts can often persuade a person to buy something which he had no intention of buying and for which he possibly has no use!

I myself was once persuaded to buy some cheap glass tumblers merely by the fact that the hawker demonstrated their "unbreakableness" by banging away with one at a brick to the detriment of the brick. I realized that there must be a trick to it — the tumbler was probably being held in a special manner. That I was right is borne out by the fact that the tumblers, alas, are no more. But what pleasure there was in buying them!

And who can resist the fountain pen sellers of Chowringhee with their furtive approach—almost as if they were selling French postcards. And the pens are so shiny and even more genuine-looking than the more expensive ones that they set out to imitate.

Another cheerful band who have suffered much in the practice of their calling are the shoeshine boys. Not far from The Statesman office they put their heart and soul into their work, covering the oldest and most begrimed shoes with a gloss that would serve as a testimonial to anybody's shoe polish.

—THE END.

Cincinnati Basha

● The Cincinnati Basha was organized Jan. 20th with a meeting held at the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel. Temporary Chairman is Joseph M. Herman, Jr., 3924 Gary Ct. Election of officers will be held Feb. 6th at the Sheraton-Gibson at 8 p.m. Anyone interested may contact Mr. Herman or the undersigned.

WINFIELD BURKE,
Chillicothe, Ohio

Ten Issues for \$3

● Do the two months during the summer in which Roundup is not published extend the subscription two months beyond the year?

LEE BAKKER,
Seattle, Wash.

Publication of 10 issues per year at \$3.00 was selected in lieu of \$4.00 per year for 12.—Ed.

Suichwan 'Survivors'

● Served with the 76th Fighter Squadron and the equally renowned 449th at Suichwan, China, and have often wondered why no one has written of either colorful organization. Would like to hear from any of the "survivors" of Suichwan.

K. D. WARNER,
Kinston, N. C.



PATROLMEN INSPECT gasoline pipeline suspended across the Salween Gorge in China. The 600-foot bridge was built from wrecked bridges, old trucks and Jap tanks. U. S. Army photo.



CHINESE TROOPS and pack mules bivouacked just off the Ledo Road in Burma. Photo by J. W. Reppel.

Mosque Identified

● In checking through the February issue, I notice you ask if anyone can identify the Moslem Mosque on Page 21. I have a photo of this same mosque, which was located near the 142nd General Hospital in Calcutta.

ED SNEEN,
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

69th General Hospital

● Wouldn't let my subscription lapse for anything in the world! You know, from all I have seen, no matter where an ex-CBI-er may serve in this world, except for mighty few excep-

tions, the overseas patch he invariably wears is our beautiful CBI emblem. Not that I am prejudiced, but the 69th General Hospital was a mighty fine one, with wonderful people. Let's hear from some of them.

Capt. NANCY PROBASCO,
Carmel, Calif.

923rd Signal Co.

● Am seeking information concerning the whereabouts of Amzi B. Farrington who was with the 923rd Signal Co. in India.

MILLARD M. BROWN,
Box 62,
Livingston, Tenn.

Ohio CBI Basha

● The Ohio CBI Basha will meet Feb. 17th at Toledo, Ohio. Anyone interested in attending please contact Wayne Keller, Rt. 1, Walbridge.

WINFIELD BURKE,
Chillicothe, Ohio

Emmons-Gussak Wed

● Thought you might like to know that yours truly and Elizabeth Emmons were married on Dec. 25, 1956. . . .

JOHN J. GUSSAK,
New York, N. Y.

Elizabeth is a former CBIVA officer; Col. Gussak is a survivor of a ship sinking in the Indian Ocean.
—Ed.



NEW DELHI—The Indian air services established a new record in the number of passengers carried during the first half of 1956. Indian planes flew 334,086 passengers in the first six months of 1956.

DACCA—Cox's Bazar, former site of an American air base, and which has one of the largest sea beaches in the world, is to be converted into a seaside resort under a Government plan. The measure is intended to boost Pakistan's tourist trade.

DACCA—Lt. Col. Lance Howard Niblett, Deputy Commissioner, Chittagong Hill Tracts, was trampled to death by an elephant while on shikar with Prince Ghulam Reza Pahlavi, second brother of the Shah of Iran.

CALCUTTA—Women in the rural areas show greater interest in education than men. Mothers and grandmothers attend classes at social education centers opened in their villages. Over 150,000 people have attended classes and become literate.

NEW DELHI—An Indo-U. S. friendship group, formed by members of Parliament here, reflects the general reaction to Prime Minister Nehru's successful American visit.

SRINAGAR—Srinagar and other parts of Kashmir received a heavy snowfall on Dec. 24th. Some parts of the valley had as much as 6 feet of snow.

DARJEELING—In recent years there has been a drop in middle-class tourist traffic to these hills due, mainly, to the tiresome trip by rail from Calcutta.

CALCUTTA—Health authorities predict a record epidemic of smallpox for Calcutta this winter. The last epidemic, in 1951-52, resulted in 1,512 deaths in the city.

NEW DELHI—The Government of India has invited Marshal Zhukov, Russian Defense Minister, to visit India in January. The Marshall has accepted the invitation.

GAUHATI—All passenger trains between Upper and Lower Assam will run only during daylight hours along the section between Lumding and Furkating in order to avoid any hostile activity from the closeby Naga Hills.

CHERRAPUNJI—Described as above normal for the post-monsoon season, this

city has received 70 inches of rainfall during the first half of January.

CALCUTTA—Prime Minister Nehru said here that the question of Kashmir is one which only the people of that state may decide, and the Kashmiris have already decided to remain with India.

BOMBAY—Passenger ships sailing from England to Bombay require more than five weeks for the voyage, around the Cape, since the Suez Canal closed. Very few ships are making the voyage these days.

DELHI—A rumor that the Government of India would give away land on Delhi Ridge to homesteaders resulted in thousands of "claims" on the property. The rumor was unfounded and squatters were dispersed.

Marauders Hero At Fort Carson

THE SOLDIER whom Brig. Gen. Frank D. Merrill is quoted as calling "the number one hero of Merrill's Marauders" now is stationed at Fort Carson, Colo.

He is SFC Andrew Pung 36, supply sergeant of Service Company of Carson's 60th Infantry Regiment.

Pung gained first fame when he was a mortar section sergeant in Burma. He climbed a tree 50 feet above the Nembyu River and spied 800 enemy troops headed toward his position.

Using his walkie talkie, Pung alerted the men below him and told them to hold their fire until he gave the word. The enemy forces were within 50 yards of the American soldiers before the firing began.

During the mayhem which followed, rifles, machine guns and mortars joined in the slaughter. Pung's radio was knocked from his hands by shell fragments and its antenna was shot off by rifle fire, but he miraculously escaped injury. Half the enemy died in the encounter, and the other half fled.

For this and other courageous actions, Pung received the Silver Star, two Chinese awards for heroism and the Order of the Bath, second highest British award for valor.

The battle-hardened sergeant was nicknamed "the great white chief" by Guadalcanal natives while he was based there. He was so respected by the natives that they would take orders from no one else, a fact which made him indispensable.

Now living in Franklin, Me., are Mrs. Pung and their four children—Loraine, Richard, Andrew and Diane.

Magic In CBI

John Platt — Magician

By Frances Ireland

IF YOU WERE a hospital patient in the CBI Theater between July, 1945, and January, 1946, there's a pretty good chance that an American magician showed up one day in your ward and fooled you. Besides amazing you, he made you laugh with his droll humor while he did magic tricks with a fistful of big silver rings, a shiny set of metal cups and balls that kept appearing and disappearing in and out of them, and with bottles and covers that never did stay put.

His name was John Platt. He was M.C. and one of the acts of USO Unit 671, labelled "Two Guys and a Girl" officially, but called — between themselves — "Two Sad Sacks and a Bag."

The Unit was designed to gladden the hearts of the convalescent, with accordion music by one of the "guys", songs by the gal, and magic by highly experienced John Platt, who had been a professional magician all his life. On this tour he played so many hospitals he's qualified to write scripts for "The Medic."

You may have thought as you lay on your propped-up bed watching him, that he reminded you of other magicians you had seen as a kid. Your mind might have gone back to exciting times in the old home town theater when Blackstone or Thurston came to town, and you enjoyed John Platt twice as much—once for himself and once for the memories he provoked.

But those old time magicians had a cinch compared to this boy. They had a whole stage full of props and assistants. John Platt was limited to 55 pounds and 50 pounds of excess, but that had to include the act's accordion. With the props he could cram into that weight limit, with the restricting USO uniform instead of fancy Arabian costume or dramatic tails, with the full light of your ward, bare floor, guys all over, contrary to all the usual requirements of magic, John Platt fooled the ears off whole regiments of patients in CBI hospitals.

His props came from the United States and he decided carefully what to bring to keep in the weight limit. The orders were rewritten at Karachi, and some clerk erroneously added an extra 0 to the 50 pounds overweight allowed. Under these orders, trucks instead of jeeps began meet-



PLATT HAD just put on the shirt, but you don't need the picture to remind you of how hot it was in India. Photo taken on stage of the Duration Club in New Delhi.

ing the C-46's and C-47's they were hauled around in, and it was even worse when another rewriting at Cairo resulted in a mistake that allowed them 860 pounds. John sighed for the vanishing elephant he might have brought along.

However, the magic was great, and USO Unit 671 hopped by air all over CBI, with runs (as they say in show business) of three weeks at Ledo and Assam, 58 days at Calcutta, three weeks at Chabua, two weeks at the 234th General Hospital playing wards, and between the wards playing air force sick bays, Red Cross Clubs, Headquarters companies, etc.

While you fellows were getting a big kick out of Platt, the magician, he was getting his own big kick out of being in the legendary land of magic. China India, Burma are reputed to be the birthplace of all magic and magic tricks. The story goes that they have tricks there that no Westerner has ever been able to duplicate. It is true that you all saw that street fakir doing minor miracles along the public thoroughfares for baksheesh, but you saw

none that you had not already seen at home, performed by some bar magician, school entertainer, or the like. Taking a scientific interest in this subject, John Platt made a public offer through the newspapers of Rs. 25,000 for a demonstration of the Indian Rope Trick. This is the trick in which the Indian magician throws a rope aloft, it remains in the air, and a little Hindu boy climbs the rope. Indian magician makes the magic sign and the boy disappears and the rope falls to the ground. Or so they say. Apparently nobody in India needed Rs. 25,000 because nobody, but nobody, came forward to collect it.

John estimated he entertained some half-million troops, traveled more than 35,000 miles, got into such remote spots that he did not hear of V-J Day for three days, and accomplished the most satisfying entertainment assignment he ever had, before or since.

After the war, Platt returned to Chicago (by now an honorary member of the Indian Magical Society) just in time to accept an entertaining job in the 90's Tap of the Hotel La Salle. John proved to be just the boy they needed. He had a pleasant, happy spirit, mixed well with everyone, had plenty of experience with bars all over the world, and was an even more skilled performer than before the war, due to the wide experience and working under difficulties that prevailed on the USO tour.

John took the entertaining job at the 90's Tap with the expectation of staying a few weeks or a few months at most.



THE 'GAL' assists John Platt in magic act on an improvised stage at Calcutta.

This winter he has wound up 10 years in the spot and has begun his second decade as the most permanent "bar magician" in Chicago.

You can see him any night but Sunday at the 90's, wearing a checkered vest and



PERFORMING HIS famous cup and ball trick at the 90's Tap of Hotel LaSalle in Chicago.

a fez. As far as tricks are concerned, he's got a million of them, but he still features the famous cups and balls trick you saw in the hospital ward.

Magicians go there to be fooled by him; he is considered one of the finest with this particular trick. Several times a night they light up a little bar stage, the various bartenders sing and play, and John does bigger tricks (the kind he would have brought to you if he had known how careless those clerks were with weights!). One of these he calls "Too Many Bottles." At the beginning it might remind you of the bottle trick he did in your ward, but this one goes on and on, and one bottle becomes two, two become four, four become eight, and he ends up with about thirty bottles of liquor and a round of applause that rocks the place.

John is in demand between times for convention shows, private parties, hospitality rooms, and all sorts of other spots where magic is the perfect entertainment. In 1953 he attended the Magicians' Convention at Edinburgh, Scotland, and in 1956 he attended another at Havana, partly to see what the other magicians are doing and partly to get back on the move, a feeling that got pretty deeply rooted during the CBI jaunts. John was all set to take the Roundup "Pilgrimage to India" in 1955 when a necessary operation laid him low in a Chicago hospital.

Although John was not a soldier or airman during the war, his job was equally important. Today he is a member of the Chicago CBIVA Basha and frequently entertains at CBI functions.

If you ever have occasion to come to Chicago, be sure to drop in at the 90's Tap of the Hotel LaSalle and see Platt perform. If you saw him before, you'll want to see him again. If you have yet to see his act, you'll discover you've been missing something for a long time.

— THE END

DEATH Lands At—

Dog Sugar Eight

The following true article is a chapter from an unpublished manuscript entitled "Dog Sugar Eight." Published as an entry in Roundup's story-writing contest.

By Malcolm Rosholt

IT WAS JUST about time to eat lunch when a call came over the fighter frequency from Detroit Red Leader, a code name for one of the fighter pilots attached to the 76th Fighter Squadron in Suichuan, 150 miles southeast of Changsha.

"Dog Sugar Eight . . . Dog Sugar Eight from Detroit Red Leader. Give me a call. Over."

Cpl. Luke, who was on duty, picked up the radio phone. "Detroit Red Leader from Dog Sugar Eight. We read you five by five. Go ahead with your message. Over."

There was a pause. Then the fighter pilot came on again. "DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. Have you any *ching-pao* on me? Over."

From this it was clear at once that the pilot was on a mission over enemy lines, or lost somewhere over friendly territory.

"Detroit Red Leader from DS8. The answer is negative. I say again, the answer is negative. Over."

Cpl. Luke turned away from the transmitter. "Anyone hear anything about that mission that went to the west of us this morning?"

"Nope," Mitchell replied. Luke walked to the door of Jeff's room and asked, "You got any *ching-pao*'s lately, lieutenant?"

"Not a jingle, Luke. What's up?"

"One of the fly-boys from YK9 is out there somewhere." He waved his hand in a northerly direction to indicate where he thought the call came from. "There he goes again," he said, and ran back to the radio.

"Dog Sugar Eight from Detroit Red Leader. Have you got a *ching-pao* on me now? Over."

"Detroit Red Leader from DS8. The answer is still negative. Repeat negative. Over." In a pseudo gruffness which he used to hide the growing fear in his own guts Luke said, "Wonder what's wrong with that joker? If he'd get his head out

of his arse, maybe he'd know where he was."

"DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. I'm running low on gas. Over."

As if a great bell had struck, everyone in the temple compound seemed to have heard that last sentence. Jeff jumped up from his desk. Scott came in from the courtyard. Mitchell hurried in from his room while Hamilton was already standing behind Luke's chair. Detroit Red Leader was lost and low on gas and he was no doubt flying around in circles trying to get his bearings from some landmark or checkpoint.

"Tell him to shoot his guns, Luke," Scott said.

"Detroit Red Leader from DS8. Shoot your guns so we can pick up a *ching-pao* on you. Over."

The voice of the pilot still seemed calm and undisturbed and he replied, "DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. Sorry don't dare. Over."

"That means he's over enemy territory," Luke said. "I'll ask him what he's flying over." He turned to the radio phone. "Detroit Red Leader from DS8. What can you see? I say again what can you see? Over."

A few seconds went by while everyone glared at the microphone in Luke's hand.

"DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. Over."

"Detroit Red Leader from DS8. Go ahead with your message. Over."

"DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. I found the lake. . . ."

"I'll bet he means Tungting Lake," Scott said.

". . . and I think the town near here is yoke, item, yoke, able, nan, george. Over."

It was Yiyang, a city on the Yuan River south of Tungting Lake about fifty miles northwest of Changsha held by a general under the command of the Little Tiger. The question was: How much gas did the pilot have? If he was running short of gas two or three minutes ago, he certainly would never make it back to his base in Suichuan or even Hengyang. Siangtan airfield had been partially destroyed and

the Changsha strip had not been in use for several years. Detroit Red Leader obviously was aware of these facts and now that he was out of enemy territory, what would he decide to do? bail out or belly in somewhere between Changsha and Yiyang?

"DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. I'm coming your way. Don't know whether I can make it that far or not. Over."

It would be reasonably safe for Detroit Red Leader to belly in or bail out anywhere south of Tungting Lake and it would be wise to pick a spot while he still had gas enough to circle around a bit, that is, if that was his intention. He appeared to be delaying a decision. Many fighter pilots preferred to belly in rather than bail out because so many had broken an arm or leg against the tail assembly when they jumped. If he was not going to bail out, then Detroit Red Leader would have to belly in, but where? He was now heading a course straight for Changsha. It was natural to get as close to other Americans as possible because a man liked to be with one's own, to identify himself with someone of the same interests, the same color, in fact, the same smell.

Not knowing what to say in reply to the last call from the pilot, Luke said, "Detroit Red Leader from DS8. Did you have any fun? Over."

"Roger - dodger DS8. Ran into some Zeros. I got . . . I got cut off . . . cut off in a scrap . . . big scrap. Over."

So that was it. The mission had been intercepted by Zeros and in the general melee, Detroit Red Leader either took a Zero or a Zero took after him. Both airplanes evidently became separated from their own flights and within a few seconds, both were lost to each other. Detroit Red Leader had then begun circling in an attempt to get his bearings. He was all alone now—alone in a incredible world filled with drifting clouds, blue skies and endless horizons. But with the little gas left in his tanks he was also a long way from anywhere except the ground while his only contact with the living world at that moment was through DS8 and it seemed that the thought uppermost in his mind was to get as close to it as possible.

"DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. I don't know whether I can make it down to your place. What do you think I should do? Over."

Now he was begging for someone else to make up his mind for him as he glanced at the gasoline gauge.

"Detroit Red Leader from DS8. Use your own judgement. Use your own judgement. Over."

This was the usual answer that control towers and radio stations gave to pilots in distress. Use your own judgment! What if a man does not have any judgment? Detroit Red Leader, soaring through the skies, wanted someone else to tell him what to do. Perhaps he had never made an important decision in life before. He had had perfect eyesight and was in perfect physical condition when the Army examined him and later when he got his wings. The one test he managed to avoid was the test of good judgment. He nearly cracked up in basic training, but by a stroke of luck his instructors had not noticed anything wrong. Later at OTU he had been stunting when he got detached from a practice mission and ripped off a weather vane on a ranch house in west Texas. The instructors had not noticed anything and he was never reported by the people who lost the weather vane. Anyone can make a mistake like forgetting to lower one's landing gear, but stunting is not a mistake: it is a sign of bad judgment. Now Detroit Red Leader wanted someone to tell him what to do.

"DS8 from Detroit Red Leader. Perhaps I can make it to your place. Over."

NOW HE THOUGHT he could make it to Changsha. But where did he expect to land? There was no field here and he knew that. But the voice on DS8 attracted him like a moth to a light. On and on he came, nearer and nearer to the goal, but to what goal? The enlisted men at DS8 stood around the radio receiver like children struck dumb. For his part, Jeff felt as though he could no longer breathe. To cover up his compassion for this pilot he suddenly became angry and shouted, "Tell that tin soldier if he thinks he can make it to belly in on the road that runs north and south outside the South Gate. Ling and I'll beat it out there and see if we can't get the Chinese off the road."

There was only a slight chance now that he might reach the road before the airplane came in for a landing, wheels up, belly down. The motorcycle driver, bearing Jeff in the side car and Ling on the rear seat, began racing and half way down to the South Gate, on turning a corner near a pillbox, he almost ran over Edith Wright. She jumped aside and Jeff yelled to the driver to stop.

"Please, Edith, will you come along? A pilot is coming down and we might need help." As he said this he jumped out of the side car and without a word Edith climbed in his place while he clung to the seat behind Ling and the driver. The motorcycle was approaching the South Gate. Owing to the noise of the machine no one had heard the airplane, but as the

vehicle neared the main road outside the South Gate Jeff noted that people were running into the streets from all directions. He knew at once that the airplane had landed and on turning another corner, he could see the cuts in the road which the propeller blades had made when the pilot bellied in on the macadamized surface. The motorcycle raced through the crowd along the highway. There was the airplane! It had overshot an open stretch in the road, crashed into a pillbox which projected half way into the road and was now standing at right angles, facing the pillbox, badly damaged in the nose and under the fuselage. Chinese police were holding back the crowds with long bamboo sticks.

Jeff ran up to the airplane and as he leaped on to the wing he could hear a grinding whine, probably the ignition system which had not been cut off. Detroit Red Leader was slumped forward in the cockpit and blood was dripping on the floor board, but the manner in which the pilot's head and shoulder slouched forward made it difficult to determine where the blood came from. Jeff grabbed the sliding door on the canopy and pulled. It was locked. The ignition system whined on and on, alternately increasing and receding in tempo, leaving one to wonder whether the engine would explode. At least the gas tanks were empty!

Ling was now on the airplane and while Jeff leaned on him for support he tried to crash through the plexiglass of the canopy with the heel of his GI shoe, kicking with all his might, each time more furious than the time before, and yet nothing happened. The frustration of not being able to break through what appeared to be simple glass was driving him into hysterics. Meanwhile, Ling started to use his heel against the right corner window just ahead of the canopy door while Jeff threw himself with increasing savagery against the plexiglass. He stared to swear. Then, noticing that Ling had dented the corner glass, he jumped over and threw the weight of his own heel against it and suddenly crashed through. Like a crazed animal he reached down to tear the glass away so that he could get his hand inside the canopy and unfasten the door lock. Without noticing that he had cut his hands in several places he ran his right hand through the ragged edges of the glass and reached for the lock. It was jammed! Detroit Red Leader was unconscious.

What shall I do? What shall I do? The man is dying. Jesus! Is this Thy will? Is this man to die in a P-40 because I can't get him out? We were just talking to him a few minutes ago and I told him to belly in here. Please God . . .

running into a Chinese pillbox is no way for a man to die.

Jeff pulled his hand out and looked up at Ling. Edith was standing on the wing immediately back of Ling. In a voice half choked with tears Jeff said, "Perhaps I can drag him out through this corner window."

"Why not try it?" Edith said, cool and collected.

Jeff removed the remainder of the glass around the edges of the small window and thrust his head and shoulders inside to unbuckle the parachute. He noticed that the pilot's safety belt had not been secured. There were no cuts or bruises to be seen on him and his leather gloves appeared unmarked. Yet the blood kept dripping to the floor of the cockpit. Jeff pulled the pilot over to the right side a bit and withdrew his own shoulders. "Now you pull on my shoulders while I drag him up through here," he shouted to Ling. He leaned down and caught the pilot by the shoulders from the rear and finally got his head and shoulders through the small window when the .45 automatic in his shoulder holster caught on something. "Get this goddam gun out of here, will you!" he yelled at both Ling and Edith. Edith reached down and removed the pistol. With all the strength he could muster Jeff got his hands under the pilot's arms once again and heaved upward. Again something caught inside the cockpit. "For Christ sake Edith!" Jeff screamed between tears and sheer exhaustion. She reached down and unhooked the pilot's trouser belt from a catch below the window. With one final lunge he pulled him clear and turned him over on his back on the wing of the airplane. Over his left eye was a hole as big as a ping-pong ball. He had apparently plunged forward in the collision with the pillbox and hit his head on something, probably because he had failed to secure his safety belt.

"Let's get him on a stretcher and carry him over to the hospital," said Jeff. Soldiers in a nearby dugout offered the use of a bamboo stretcher while Jeff asked one of the Chinese police to assist in carrying the wounded man. Lifting him as tenderly as possible, the men placed him on the stretcher and started down the street toward the British Red Cross hospital about a ten-minute walk away. The crowd saw the hole in the pilot's head and murmur swept through the streets like a rustling of leaves before the storm, "Ai-ya, ai-ya."

Shortly after the walk to the hospital got under way Jeff looked intently at the pilot a second and then, almost stark mad

with rage, cried, "Goddamnit, he's dead!" Edith felt of the pilot's pulse a second and said, quite certain of herself, "No he's not!" With his free hand Jeff wiped the tears from his eyes without looking at Edith. They continued down the road. The same compassionate murmur, "Ai-ya, ai-ya" followed them through the crowds of people who could see the injured pilot. At the gate of the Red Cross compound five Chinese male nurses came out to relieve the stretcher bearers.

EDITH HURRIED along with the patient while Jeff fell behind. Once inside the hospital he suddenly felt unsure of himself because there was nothing more he could do now. It was not up to him any longer; he could crash a glass on a P-40 and he could drag a man through a knot hole and he could carry him to a hospital, but there, he reluctantly admitted, his usefulness ended. It was up to the doctors now, or, was it up to God? Walking up the stairs of the hospital to the second floor where the operating room was located he stopped on the first landing, his heart ready to burst. He wanted to cry, to open up the mighty flood of tears that were tearing at every fibre of his body. Trembling slightly he held his breath a second and stiffened his neck while resisting, with acute pain, the effort to cry because he knew that if he ever started he would never stop. Furthermore, he was a 1st lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Corps and no goddamn Limey was going to catch him crying. He walked resolutely up the stairs to the operating room.

Dr. Smith-Davis who was examining the patient when Jeff walked in, looked up and in an absent sort of way said, "You leftenant? . . . Hmmm . . . look's rather bad, don't you think?"

"Yes, sir."

Edith had already donned a white apron over her street dress and was washing her hands. She moved about the room calmly and without apparent concern, obviously not the first time on an emergency case. Without looking at him she said, "Will you remove his shoes please, and his wristwatch."

The pilot was lying on his back on the operating table. Jeff took off his shoes and then unstrapped the wristwatch. He found the leather flight jacket lying on the floor and placed the wristwatch inside the right pocket. He then noticed for the first time that his own hands were smeared with blood from the glass on the canopy. As there was no place to sit down he found an open spot near the wall and crouched.

Dr. Smith-Davis said, "Guess there's

not much we can do for the moment . . . shock, you know." He walked out.

Edith covered the patient with a blanket. He was breathing heavily now and as the minutes ticked on, the breathing became heavier and shortly brain matter began to run from the right nasal cavity. Jeff wondered whether he would ever awaken? He prayed to himself, "Please God, give him another chance. Please God, please God, in Jesus name, Amen. Amen. Amen."

There was an extra heavy shudder from the pilot and blood began to ooze from his mouth. Edith quickly found an emesis basin and held it up to him. Jeff got up to help, but at once felt out of place and returned to his original position. Perhaps he should leave. No, he must stay here and do something to help Detroit Red Leader. The pilot was part of himself, a fellow member of an invisible fraternity of men who risked death before their time, a soldier! He **must** help him.

Edith walked to and fro doing what she could without saying a word. The pilot was breathing in great shudders now, unconscious of his own existence except, perhaps, in the subconscious where he was fighting stubbornly for life which is our precious inheritance from Eternity. Yet the harder he struggled, the more of life he lost in gray matter running from his brain. And then, about to swallow his tongue, Edith reached for a tongue depressor and inserted it in his mouth. After that she washed his face and kept dabbing around the wound.

Jeff felt as though he were being dragged through a knot hole. Never had he been so utterly and unspeakably wretched. By contrast Edith appeared as impersonal as the day he first met her. Now he felt something had happened between them. He wanted her to tell him to go home and take it easy . . . tell him anything. But for Christ sake **something!** The language he had used on the wing of the airplane and his near hysteria obviously had not impressed her while at the moment he was sickened with himself for thinking of these relationships across the body of a dying pilot.

The gasping form between them fought for more life. Why doesn't Dr. Smith-Davis come back? Why doesn't someone do something? Jeff wanted to scream for action, or to destroy something, and suddenly he was filled with an urge to cry again. Without a word he picked up the bamboo stretcher and walked out. Never in his life had anything like this happened to him before and, since it had happened, he wondered why it had happened. Was it God's will?

Ling was waiting for him near the motorcycle. Half in a dream, Jeff rode back to the radio station. The enlisted men filed into his room and sat down or leaned against the wall. Finally Cpl. Luke broke the silence. "You know lieutenant, after you left, I was talking to him right down to the last."

Jeff nodded. "Did you tell SM5 or YK9?"

"All I told them was he was bellying in and when I figured he'd hit the deck I called him but no answer. I told SM5 that. About all I could say in the clear you know."

"I wonder how he overshot that open space on the road," said Jeff.

"Well, do you know," said Luke, "he made two passes at it trying to scare the people off to the side. I could just barely hear him mumbling something about 'too many people'."

"That's it all right," Jeff nodded. "He made two passes over the road I'll bet and then running out of gas on the third pass, belled in on the south end of the long stretch where there happened to be an opening. But before he could stop he runs into this pillbox. If it hadn't been for that pillbox he would have made it."

"Yeah, and ten thousand goddamn Slopies in the middle of the road," Mitchell said bitterly.

Jeff turned to Luke. "That was the last you heard then?"

"No, just as he was bellying in, I told him we'd come over and pick him up for lunch."

"What did he say?"

"Roger."

There was a pause. Finally Scott said, "You think he'll live lieutenant?"

COULD THE pilot live? Of course he could not live. God did not want him to live. Overwhelmed with grief and a deep sense of personal loss, Jeff covered his face with both hands and the tears filled his eyes.

A ringing of the field telephone saved everyone from further embarrassment. Jeff quickly dried his eyes and picked up the phone. "Hello! Benning? Major Hunter speaking. I'm calling for the CO at YK9." It was a long-distance call from the squadron commander in Hengyang, a device often resorted to rather than use the radio phone which the enemy monitored.

"Yes, I hear you sir."

"How is he? Badly hurt?"

He's still unconscious."

"Could we send up some blood plasma and a doctor?"

Jeff heard himself say 'yes' although in his heart he knew no blood plasma could correct the hole in the head of Detroit Red Leader. "We'll come up and drop the doc in," Major Hunter was saying, "and also the plasma. Have you any way to indicate where they should make the drop?"

"Yes sir. I've got a smoke grenade which I'll release when you come over. I think the best place is outside the South Gate not far from where the airplane sits."

"As you say. Good-by."

"Good-by sir."

He hung up the receiver and dried his eyes again with the back of his hand. In an attempt to sound matter-of-fact again he said, "Well, that's that. At least we'll find some use for those goddamned smoke grenades they sent us." He realized now that he had not eaten and called the orderly to warm up his lunch. Turning to Ling, he said, "How about it, Ling Fukuan, can we still use the motorcycle?"

"Yes, can," he said in English.

"Then you stay here with me," Jeff said, shifting into Chinese. "We'll go over to the road again and have the police clear it. An American doctor is going to parachute in and I want him to land on that road if possible. And they will also drop a box of plasma in another parachute and I don't want that to get lost."

"Okay, okay," he replied in English. Jeff went to the table in the living room, gulped his food and then went into the storeroom for the smoke grenade. He had never used or handled one before in any training class and he was apprehensive about using it now.

"Let's go Ling," he said, and the two officers walked down to the motorcycle and drove over to the Red Cross hospital to inquire about the pilot. A Chinese male nurse told Ling there was no change. They continued to the South Gate where there were now easily fifty-thousand people in the area trying to get a glimpse of the downed airplane. Jeff went to the police on duty and told them that an airplane was coming up to make a drop.

"Oh, we already know that," one said with a smile. Then the people must know it too, thought Jeff. He continued to walk down the road and it was quite apparent that they were all waiting to see the big event. "I wonder how soon they will be here?" one lady was saying to another. It seemed that the Chinese, whether by a process of mental telepathy or logical deduction, took it for granted that the Americans would perform a miracle for the wounded pilot. They were performing miracles in other parts of the world so it

was only logical that they should perform one here.

A Chinese major-general came by in a shiny rickshaw and, catching sight of Jeff and Ling, stopped his rickshaw and stepped out. At first sight Jeff did not recognize him, but on second glance he realized this was one of the "guests," then in civilian gown, who had attended the party given by the guerilla general some time earlier. "I'm awfully sorry to tell you, lieutenant," he said in Chinese, "the American pilot is dead. He died ten minutes after four. What a pity."

He must have died at the moment Jeff and Ling called at the hospital. Jeff looked down the road; death now was almost an anti-climax and his first thought was not for Detroit Red Leader but for the doctor. How could he stop him from coming? It was certain that the airplane carrying him had already taken off from Hengyang and there was no telephone in this part of the city, nor even at the British Red Cross. Jeff looked at his watch and realized that by the time he returned to the station and called the airplane it would be approaching Changsha and, tipping the enemy off to an unarmed transport this close to his friends was not worth the risk. Better let the entire operation carry through as though nothing had happened. And now a new worry seized him: would the doctor make it?

The hum of an airplane in flight was soon heard from the south and for once the people of Changsha were not afraid and buzzed with excitement in anticipation of things to come.

For his own part Jeff was uncertain about the release mechanism of the smoke grenade. The airplane was in plain sight now and he must pull the lever now or never. He read the directions once again, waited another second and yanked the lever upward. Smoke bushed out in cloude as he set the grenade down on the road in the middle of an intersection. The airplane flew north a short distance and then swung westward to allow for wind drift. It was now heading south. A door opened and something shot out of the port side of the transport. In another second a big umbrella of white silk burst open with the box of plasma underneath. Thousands of people clapped their hands.

In a couple of minutes the airplane, sweeping in a circle, came around to the same place. A parachute shot out of the side which appeared to fall farther than the box before it opened. Underneath, a pair of legs could be seen dangling in air. The people clapped and danced in a spontaneous roar of enthusiasm.

"Yes, that is the way the Americans do things," one of the onlookers was saying.

And Jeff was proud, but he was not thinking of much at the moment except to reach the spot where the doctor was coming down about two blocks away. The police were there almost the instant he hit the ground, with their cane poles to keep back the insistent mob. The doctor had landed, unhurt, between two ruined buildings in a soft vegetable garden. The people had never seen anything like it; they wanted only to touch him or the parachute for both held magic powers.

Jeff forced his way through the mob and ran up to the doctor, a captain of Air Corps. "Are you all right," he shouted excitedly.

Calmly unbuckling the parachute straps and chewing a big wad of gum, the doctor said, "Never felt better in my life. How's the patient?"

"Sorry, doc, you got here too late."

"Gee, that's too bad. Well, let's go have a look at him."

The motorcycle had caught up with them by now. Jeff invited the flight surgeon into the sidecar while he and Ling clung to seats at the rear of the driver. As the motorcycle wormed its way down the street the people of Changsha stood by and applauded in thunderous waves. One man dies, another lives. The doctor had flirted with Death and won. Detroit Red Leader had flirted with death and lost. Long live the doctor! Farewell, Detroit Red Leader!

—THE END.

\$100 Award

Best Story Contest

Roundup will pay \$100 for the best true CBI story published in this magazine during 1957.

All subscribers will be asked to vote next December for their choice as the best CBI article published during the year.

Send your typewritten story to the editor for consideration in the contest. All photos accompanying articles will be returned.

Complete contest rules appear on Page 7, February issue.

Send your entry now! You may win!



Commander's Message

by
Phil Packard
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahibs:

Because this column is actually being written two months before it hits our great publication, please accept my sincerest belated Season's Greetings to all you wonderful CBI folks. May this coming year see all your dreams and wishes become reality and not one rusty rupee or yen be spent on doctors.

Closer and closer comes the month of August; harder and harder does the Detroit gang work to try and make our next Reunion the biggest and best yet. Let's keep August 8-9-10-11 open for another memorable weekend in our lives.

New Bashas continue to flourish. Philadelphia's first meeting was a success—thanks to Hal Reinholt. I made a trip to Boston and met with members of my old outfit — Lou Glaser, Marty McDonough, Larry Hoffman and Ralph Noveletsky. A greater bunch of guys you'll never find. They will start the ball rolling up in the New England section. Word comes from Evansville, Ind., from the good Col. James E. Campbell of a Basha starting there. We hope that in the coming months the CBI emblem will fly from every nook and hamlet in our country.

Talking about emblems, I have personally signed up dozens of new members because of the two CBI patches I most proudly display on my windshield. If you need any, write our Adjutant Gene Brauer and he will be happy to send them to you.

Our next National Board meeting will be held in Detroit sometime in April. I

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Ed.

think the 27th-28th will be the dates. Aside from the National Officers who attend, I would like to extend an invitation to all the local Basha Commanders to come along to exchange ideas to help their Bashas. More about this later.

Again, remember August 8-11, the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel, Detroit. They have planned a Puja Party, they say, that will end all costume parties; a parade around the hotel area that should really be something. So start designing your costumes now. I am awaiting word from the Motor City Basha on a surprise deal that will be a first in convention history. Some family will be made very happy when this surprise is confirmed.

So, let's save the rupees and yen; bring all the family. Remember, this is strictly a "Family Reunion."

Fraternally,

PHIL PACKARD,
National Commander,
180 E. 17th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROUNDUP \$3.00
BINDERS Postpaid

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!



Attractive Book Binder

Holds 24 Copies

Ex-CBI Roundup

P.O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.

China Camel Caravan

● With regard to the article "Middle of Nowhere" in the February issue, this is the first I ever heard of a fantastic plan to carry war supplies to China by camel! It was slow enough for the thousands of tons needed, by air and, later, the Ledo Road, but by camel!! The war would still be going on!

JAMES S. LING,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Chat With Nehru

● Some weeks back when Prime Minister Nehru visited New York, I had been invited to meet him at a private reception given at the India Consulate in New York. I had previously met Mr. Nehru while a GI in India, and so we briefly chatted about our past meeting. . . .

HAROLD LEVENTHAL,
New York, N. Y.

'Merril's Marauders'

● The January issue of Harper's Magazine carries a very good article on "Merrill's Marauders," should you be interested.

Capt. JACK VERMEUL,
Ft. Carson, Colo.

We're seeking authorization to reprint the excellent story in a future issue of Roundup.—Ed.



STREET SCENE at Luliang, China. Lt. R. F. Scott poses at right. Photo by Dale Strohbehn.

CBI Reunion Dates

● How about publishing the dates for the 1957 CBI convention? I hope to go, but need to know the exact date to make arrangements to be off work.

GLENN T. LYNCH,
Beckley, W. Va.

See CBIVA Commander's column on Page 30 this issue.—Ed.

Baltimore Meet Cancelled

● The "blowout" we were planning for February was shelved due to not enough response and enthusiasm from members of other Bashes. The Merrill Basha is extending to the Stilwell Basha an invitation for a contingent of members and

their wives, up to a party of 10, to join us for dinner March 28. A dinner was held this past week for members and their wives at Gannons Restaurant. Seventeen were present. Next meeting will be a bowling affair.

RICHARD INGLES,
Baltimore, Md.

Houston Officers Installed

● Officers of the Wm. Bates McDonald Basha of the CBI Veterans Assn. were installed December 14th at the Junior League in Houston. L. S. Hackney, Commander; Robin Miller, Vice-Commander; Otis Muckenfuss, Adjutant; Melvin Daniels, Finance Officer; Robert Licken, Judge Advocate; and Newton Thomas, Provost Marshal. The annual Christmas dinner preceded the installation. Dance music was by Red Fritche and the "Houstonians."

SID ERSLER,
Houston, Texas

7th-341st Bomb Groups

● Was a former member of the 7th Bomb Group and 341st Bomb Group from 1942 to 1945, via Karachi, Malir, Chakulia, Kurmitola, Kweilin and Kunming. Am presently assigned as Air Force Liaison Officer for Civil Defense, attached to the Indiana Dept. of CD.

ROLAND O. NELSON,
Lt. Col., USAFR,
Indianapolis, Ind.



LOADING RAILROAD cars at Mogaung with equipment destined for Myitkyina. U.S. Army photo.

Clearance Sale!!

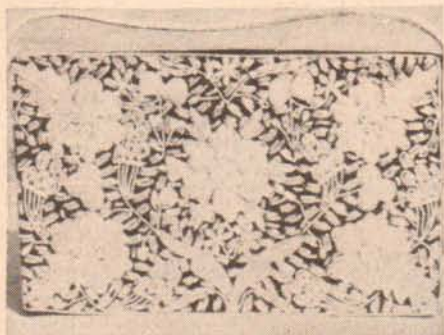
NOW THAT THE Christmas rush is over, we find ourselves with many odds and ends of merchandise that sold good, and with some that didn't sell as well as we hoped it would. We'd rather be rid of these articles at further reduced prices than have them around until next Christmas. All merchandise offered subject to prior sale. Your satisfaction guaranteed, as always, or your money cheerfully refunded.



SHEESHAMWOOD TRAYS. These are the leaf-shape or Round tray, as advertised in previous issues for \$2.25 each. We imported hundreds, sold very few. We'll ship two of them for only **\$3.50!**

HOOKAHS. We really got stung on these! We thought every CBI-er would like to own one but, alas, the price apparently is too high, even though they are worth every cent of the \$19.75 we asked. We have 33 left out of 50 originally ordered. Grab them now for only **\$15** each.

SANDALWOOD JEWEL BOXES. Only three left size 4x6, and two of the 4x8. Some folks love the smell of sandalwood. Others gasp! If you like the smell, you'll like these beautiful boxes. Buy them now for only **\$6.50** and **\$8.25**.



ZARI-EMBROIDERED EVENING BAGS

We refunded hundreds of dollars to our readers in December because we sold out of these beautiful bags. Now we have a new, large shipment and they are once again available for immediate delivery. The design is gold and/or silver wire on black velvet. Satin-lined inside. Specify when ordering whether you want gold, silver, or gold-and-silver. We have over 100 different designs, so choose between floral, mosaic, Oriental, modern, all-over, or scant design. If undecided, give us the age of the lady who will carry the bag and we'll use our own judgement. Price only **\$8.25** each, including federal excise tax.

IVORY COCKTAIL PICK SET. These are ornately-carved stands with 12 long picks. One elephant stand and one monkey stand, each with a tiny carved animal on the holding end. Original low price \$12.50. Now only **\$5.00** each.

IVORY COCKTAIL PICK STANDS. We have two half-moon-shape stands without picks. Only **\$2.50** each.

COCOANUTWOOD ELEPHANTS. Only a few large sets left, size 4", 5" and 6", with ivory tusks and eyes. Original price \$8.50 per set of 3. While they last, only **\$5.50**.

IVORY HOOKAH - SMOKER. These are the best little ivory carvings we've seen out of India. All are on wooden base, sizes 2½", 3" and 3½". Close-out at **\$3.00, \$4.00, and \$5.00**.

BANARAS SILK SARI. One left, size 5 yards by 42", real gold thread trim and design. Makes a beautiful evening gown. Original bargain price \$30.00. Take this last one off our hands for only **\$25.00**.

COBRA CANDLESTICKS. This is the only article in India Brassware that did not sell rapidly during the Christmas rush. If your wife isn't squeamish about snakes (and we guarantee these cobras won't move), buy her a pair of 8" candlesticks for only **\$8.00**, the 7" pair for just **\$6.50**, or the 6" pair for a mere **\$4.50**. If she doesn't like snakes, at these prices maybe she'll get used to them!

ROUNDUP'S GUARANTEE: You must be entirely satisfied with your purchase or your money will be refunded cheerfully and immediately!

All Orders Postpaid

Minimum Order \$5.00



Owned and Operated by Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

Denver 1, Colo.